Come, ſhall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richad Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarts curſe if falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

Riu. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name ſay, when is this rayall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I gueſſe a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble *Duke*? (his mind.

Bi. Why you my L: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neare in loue.

Haſt. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I preſume he will take in good part.

Biſh. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himſelfe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My noble L. and couſens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a ſleepe, but now I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. *Haſtings* had now pronounſt you part:
I meane your voyce for crowning of the King.

Glo. Then my L. *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.

Haſt. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Biſh. My Lord.

Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there,
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

Biſh. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Couſen *Buckingham*, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſty gentleman ſo hote,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His maiſters ſonne as wotſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Biſhop of Elie.

Biſh. Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue ſent for theſe ſtraw- (berries.

Haſt.